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PINHEAD VS MARSHALL LAW LAW in HELL

page 72

OBI

HELLRAISER WAS CREATED BY CLIVE BARKER.
MARSHAL LAW WAS CREATED BY
PAT MILLS, KEVIN O'NEILL.

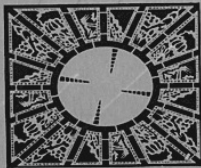
PAT MILLS	KEVIN O'NEILL	STEVE BUCCELLATO
<i>Writer</i>	<i>Pencils And Inks</i>	<i>Colorist</i>
JANICE CHIANG	DAVID WOHL	CARL POTTS
<i>Letterer</i>	MARIE JAVINS	<i>Executive Editor</i>
	<i>Editors</i>	

PINHEAD

High Priest of Pain, Leader of the Cenobites — the Demons who watch us from the shadows of the Astral Plane and guide us on the path of Blessed Order in the name of their God, Leviathan. Through the sacred geometry of the lament configurations, they lead the curious to unravel the mysteries of pain and experience the divine agony...

Pinhead has made a special study of pain-through his past life as an officer in the nightmare trenches of World War One... Now, as Arch Cenobite, he is keen to make new converts who realize how dull and lifeless their lives are without the agony and ecstasy of pain. With hooks that tear and rend the flesh, their feelings again... they become truly alive...

All they have to do is open the box...



MARSHAL LAW

Licensed vigilante operating out of San Futuro, he specializes in hunting down super heroes... the super powered beings of the near future who claim to be the guardians of humanity. But Marshal recognizes them for the frauds they really are... And, when they use their powers to terrorize the public, he's sent in to deal with them... a job he does with the utmost relish and expertise...

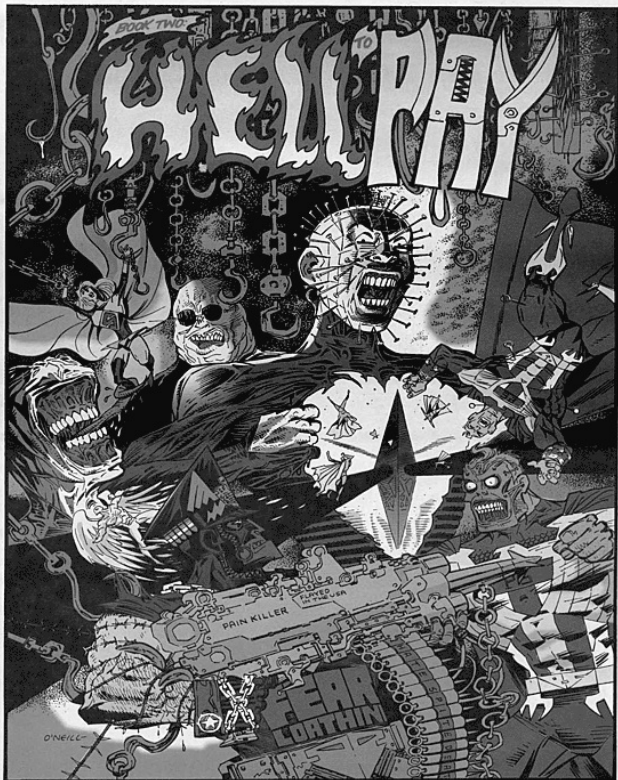
His toughest target was the corrupt Public Spirit, America's greatest super hero, who Marshal exposed and destroyed. But his death failed to satisfy Marshal's hatred of super heroes... which ultimately is a hatred of himself...

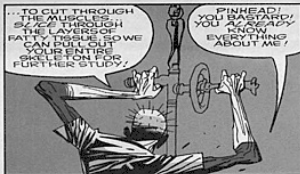
For he was once a super hero, too — a veteran of the Zone... the war in South America in which super soldiers were used for the first time. Thanks to bio-electronic spinal implants, these soldiers no longer felt pain and thus became men without fear or feelings, capable of anything... Their feelings numbered, they committed terrible atrocities...

Above all, Marshal Law wants to feel pain again...



PINHEAD VS. MARSHAL LAW™ Vol. 1, No. 2, December, 1993, Published by EPIC COMICS. Terry Stewart, President; Stan Lee, Publisher; Michael Hobson, Group Vice President, Publishing. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 387 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10016. PINHEAD (including all prominent characters featured in this issue and the distinctive likeness thereof) is a trademark of Clive Barker. MARSHAL LAW (including all prominent characters featured in this issue and the distinctive likeness thereof) is a trademark of Pat Mills and Kevin O'Neill. "Epic Comics" is a registered trademark of Epic Comics. PINHEAD VS. MARSHAL LAW copyright © 1993 Clive Barker, Pat Mills and Kevin O'Neill. All other material copyright © 1993 Epic Comics. All rights reserved. Price \$2.95 in the U.S. and \$3.75 in Canada. GST #R127032852. No part of this book may be printed or reproduced in any manner without the written permission of Clive Barker, the author and publisher. The stories, characters and incidents in this publication are entirely fictional. Printed in Canada.





BUT ENOUGH
HEAVY PETTING!
IT'S TIME TO
DELIVER!

IT'S TIME FOR
PENETRATION!

WAIT! WHY DOES IT HAVE
TO BE THIS WAY? WHAT
CAN YOU POSSIBLY GAIN
FROM SUCH CRUELTY
AND PAIN?

ALWAYS QUESTIONS!
DISTRACTIONS! CONCENTRATE
ON WHAT I'M GOING TO DO
TO YOU, GIRL!

NO, SERAPH... LET US
ANSWER HER... FOR
IGNORANCE IS *BLISS* AND
THAT IS NOT A STATE WE
FAVOR IN HELL!

BETTER FOR HER TO KNOW THE *FULL*
HORROR OF
THE HUMAN
CONDITION...

OR BETTER
FOR US
ANYWAY.

WATCH, MY DEAR,
I HAVE SUCH
SIGHTS TO
SHOW YOU...

BEHOLD OUR
BLESSED LORD
LEVIATHAN!

HE WHO
NOURISHES HIMSELF
ON FEAR... WHO TASTES
THE TRAUMAS
OF EXISTENCE... AND
IS SUCKLED BY
THE GORROWS OF
A SUFFERING
HUMANITY...!

THROUGHOUT TIME, HE HAS ENGINEERED THE WARS THAT GRASSY FEAR, MISERY AND PAIN! FOR THESE THINGS FEED HIM! STIMULATE HIM! KEEP HIM IN POWER!



BUT THE DUMB MASSES NEED TO BE HERDED TO THEIR DEATHS AND THAT IS THE PURPOSE OF ORDER...



OVER THE TOP, MEN! NO RUNNING! THE GERMAN LINES HAVE BEEN SHELLED TO KINGDOM COME SO WE'LL WALK TO VICTORY!

HELL ON EARTH

"...THAT THEY MAY FORM AN ORDERLY QUEUE AS THEY ENTER THE SLAUGHTER-HOUSE!"

WISDOM



HUH! FAT CHANCE OF RUNNING WITH 80 POUNDS WORTH OF EQUIPMENT ON OUR BACKS.

"BUT NO MATTER HOW
VAST THE SLAUGHTER,
EACH INDIVIDUAL'S
FEELINGS MATTER
BY OUR LORD..."

THEY
PROMISED
THE WIRE WOULD
BE CUT! THEY
SAWSED?

THE TORMENT OF
A YOUNG SOLDIER
DYING ON THE WIRE IS A...
SWEETMEAT TO HIM.

IS IT JUST MY OWN
OBSESSION, OR WITH BARBED
WIRE, OR DID PINHEAD SHOW
SOME FEELINGS FOR
A MOMENT, THERE'S

LEVIATHAN FEEDS ON
HUMAN CONSCIOUSNESS?
THAT'S HORRIBLE!

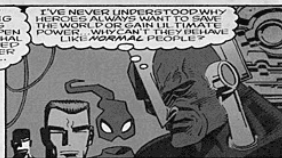
IS IT? THE FOOD YOU
EXIST ON CONTAINS
ANIMAL AND PLANT
CONSCIOUSNESS...
TO WHOSE FATE YOU
ARE EQUALLY
INDIFFERENT.



YES, YOUR EMOTIONS
ARE A GOOD TO BE
HARVESTED FOR
OUR MASTER...

AND THE BOX?
WHAT DO
THOSE STRANGE
PATTERNS
MEAN?

THEY ARE
THE **DOOP**
CIRCLES BEFORE
THE HARVEST!









SUPER HEROES SERVE
A MOST USEFUL
FUNCTION, MARSHAL... THEY
PROVIDE THE CANNON
FOODER FOR
LORD LEVIATHAN...

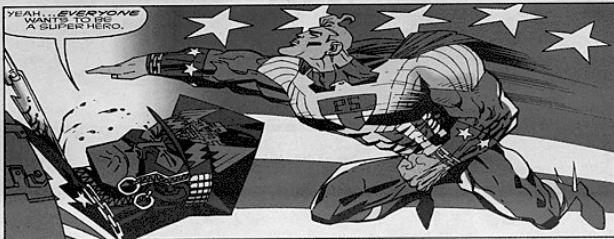
WITH
THEIR BRIGHTLY
COLORED COSTUMES
AND EFFORTLESS
POWERS, THEY
GLORIFY WAR...



AND ACT AS VALUABLE
ROLE MODELS FOR
THE SHEEP-LIKE
MASSES TO EMULATE...



YEAH... EVERYONE
WANTS TO BE
A SUPER HERO.



PRECISELY. WHICH IS
WHY THE OFFICE OF
HERO HUNTER IS
TO BE ABHORRED!



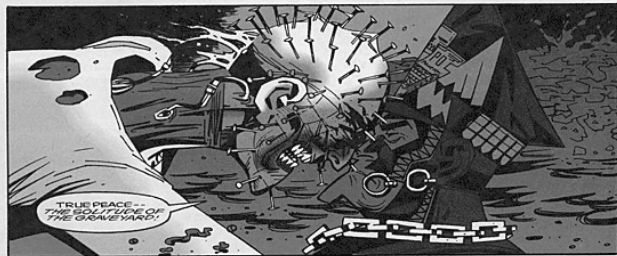
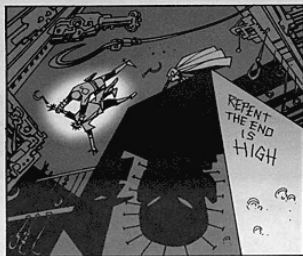
HAVE YOU
FORGOTTEN
OUR EARLIER
CONVERSATION,
PINHEAD... LET
ME REMIND
YOU...

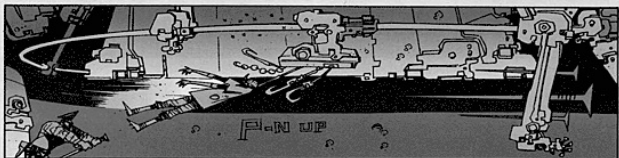
THAT, GOD
HELP ME...

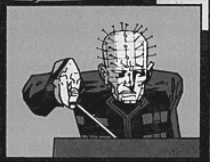
I'M A
SUPER HERO
MYSELF.



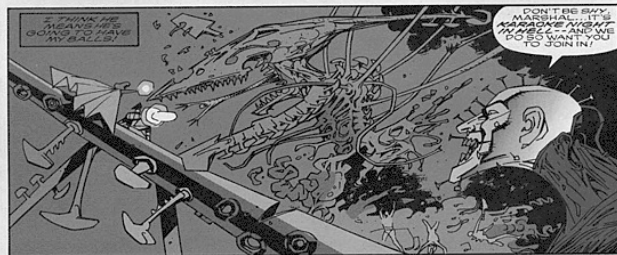
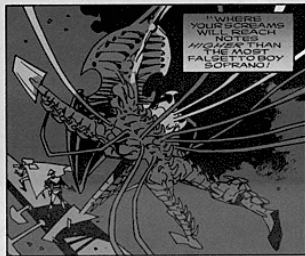
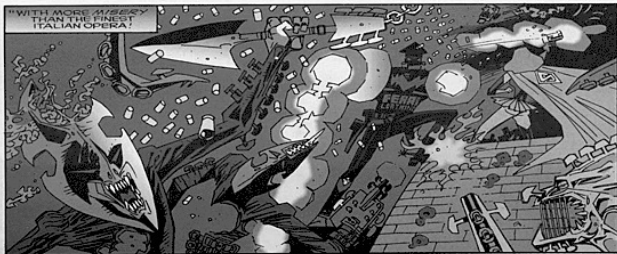






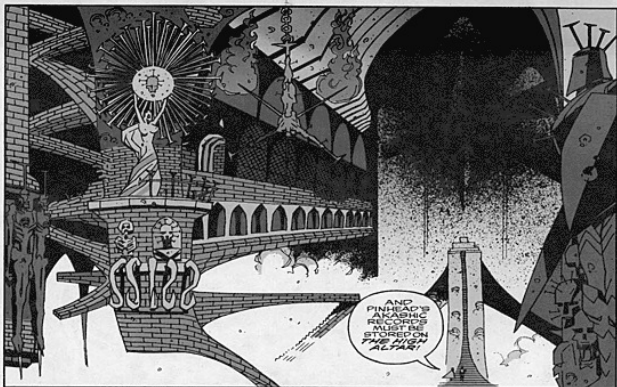


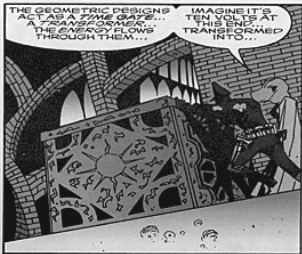














"IT'S THE BATTLE OF THE SOMME... MY MEN ARE COVERED IN LICE AND FLIES... OUR SKIN IS BLISTERED AND SUPPURATING FROM POISON GAS..."

"WE'RE WEEPING UNDER THE ARTILLERY BARRAGE..."

"WE'RE AFRAID TO GO OVER THE TOP... BUT ANYONE WHO REFUSES IS SHOT BY THE MILITARY POLICE..."



"FINALLY WE GET THE ORDER... WE CLIMB OUT OF THE TRENCH INTO NO MAN'S LAND... AND IMMEDIATELY COME UNDER MACHINE GUN FIRE..."



"OUT THERE IN NO MAN'S LAND, THE RATS HAVE GROWN TO AN UNBELIEVABLE SIZE..."

"THEY ATTACK AND EAT ANY WOUNDED MEN WHO CAN'T DEFEND THEMSELVES... BUT WE HAVE ORDERS NOT TO STOP AND HELP THEM."

"THE RATS ALWAYS GO FOR THE FASTEST MORBIDS FIRST... THE EYES AND THE LIVER..."



"OTHER WOUNDED MEN DROWN IN THE MUD... SUFFOCATING IN THE BLOOD AND THE SLIME..."



"SOME OF US MAKE IT TO THE ENEMY WIRE...
IT'S READY TO BE CUT BY OUR ARTILLERY...
WE RUN ALONG IT... LOOKING FOR A GAP..."



"BUT THE GAPS ARE COVERED BY
MACHINE GUNNERS WHO MOW US
DOWN LIKE MEADOW GRASS..."



"A FEW MAKE IT INTO THE ENEMY TRENCHES,
WHERE WE'RE ENGAGED IN A HAND-TO-
HAND FIGHTING..."



"THE GERMANS HAVE
BEEN CHAINED TO
THEIR MACHINE GUNS--
SO THEY CAN'T RUN
AWAY... THEY KNOW WE'LL
SHOW THEM NO MERCY..."



"21,000 OF US ARE KILLED IN
JUST ONE DAY... THE YOUNGEST,
BRIGHTEST, Fittest OF
MY GENERATION... VOLUNTEERS...
READY TO FIGHT FOR
OUR COUNTRY..."

"THE BEST OF BRITISH."

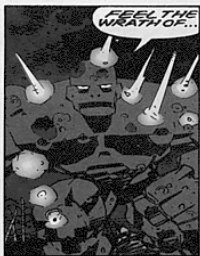
"BY THE END OF THE FIVE-
MONTH BATTLE, THERE ARE
CASUALTIES... AND
WE'VE GAINED..."









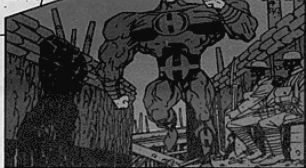


MY IMPENETRABLE
ARMOR IS
THE ANSWER!



SHIT!
IT'S
SUCKING ME
INTO
THE MUD!

THEN IT
IS LEFT TO
MY SUPER
STRENGTH
TO SAVE
THE DAY!



ACH! A GIANT!
A PERFECT
TARGET!



EEEEHHH!

THOSE IDIOTS! WHAT
DO THEY THINK THEY
CAN ACHIEVE IN
A REAL WAR.

WAIT!
I-I MUST
HAVE
MY MAGIC
HAMMER!

WON'T BE NEEDING THAT,
SON. DIDN'T WORK
THE FIRST TIME.

IT'S HORRIBLE...
CAN'T
STOP SHAKING!



I-I'VE
FILLED MY
TIGHTS!

EXACTLY... THESE COSTUMED
BOOZES... WITH THEIR POSING
POUCHES, CONSTIPATED GLANCES,
AND INFLATABLE MUSCLES...
WAS IT THE MEMORY OF
YOUR DEAD COMRADES.



YES... THEY WERE REAL
HEROES... REAL SUPER MEN...
IGNORED BY POSTERITY
BECAUSE THEIR UNIFORMS
WEREN'T COLORFUL
ENOUGH.



AND I'M THE ONLY
ONE DOING
ANYTHING ABOUT
IT... WIPING OUT
THE MASTERS...
THE PHONES...

FOR THE SAKE OF TRUE
HEROES EVERYWHERE... LET
MY COMPANIONS AND ME GO
SO I MAY CONTINUE
MY WORK.



VERY WELL...
GO WITH
MY BLESSING,
MARSHAL...

WE SHALL
REVIVE THESE
"HEROES" FOR OUR
ENTERTAINMENT
ON LONG WINTER
NIGHTS...

AND THE NIGHTS
IN HELL ARE
ETERNALLY
LONG.

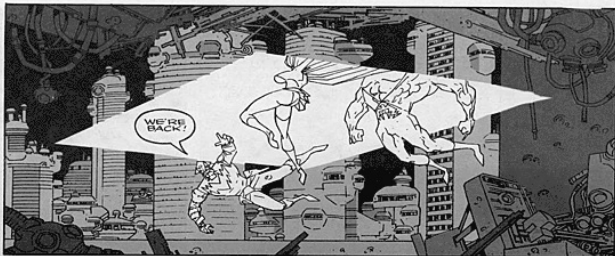


YOU'RE A MAN AFTER
MY OWN HEART,
PINHEAD.



ONE DAY,
MARSHAL...
ONE DAY...













**"WELCOME TO THE SYMPHONY OF
SUFFERING!"**

DIRECT EDITION



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